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**The Volcanoes in the
Sandwich Islands.**

ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE VOL-
CANO OF KILANEA.

HONOLULU, S. I. Wed., Sept. 26, 1855.

I send you the following account of an excursion to the great Volcano of Kilanea which you are at liberty to publish, if you think it would be sufficiently interesting to the readers of your valuable journal.

The mountain of Mauna Loa, on the Island of Hawaii, is 14,000 feet in height. On the side of this mountain, 4,000 feet above its base, is the Volcano of Kilanea. The vast quantities of lava, ejected from it for centuries past, have formed a broad plateau, which extends with a slight declination, for twenty miles toward the sea, so that the approach to the volcano is over a very gradually ascending grade—indeed, in the immediate vicinity of the crater, there is scarcely an ascent at all, and one finds himself upon its very brink with little or no warning of its proximity.

We left Honolulu on the evening

of Sept. 4, in the steamer *Ka'ama*, chartered for the excursion, and after touching at sundry places on the Island of Manii and Hawaii, we finally arrived and disembarked at Hilo—called, on some maps, Byron's Bay—on the 7th, at noon. The appearance of the landscape, for twenty miles before we came to Hilo, was very picturesque. The shore is a bold ledge of rocks more than a hundred feet in height, over whose sides comes rushing a great many small streams, forming cascades, some of which are very beautiful. The land slopes gradually upward from the shore for many miles, and is covered with trees and shrubs, with here and there a plantation of sugar cane, and a cluster of grass houses, presenting altogether, a most luxurious appearance, when viewed from the deck of a steamer.

We left Hilo on the morning of Sept. 8,—our party consisting of eleven gentlemen, among whom were Mr. Gregg, United States Commissioner, and Rev. S. C. Damon, and we were attended by fifteen servants who carried our provisions, extra clothing etc. Our cavalcade presented a most *bizarre* appearance, dressed as we were, in red and blue shirts, instead of

coats and leggings, and sombreros, of all shapes and colors,—some mounted on horses, not too gentle,—some on donkeys just the reverse, and surrounded by about fifty natives, running hither and thither, tightening a girth or mending a strap, and all jabbering their Kanaka, or shouting with laughter.

Our journey was over a rough and scraggy road, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were glad to come upon the so-called half-way house, having accomplished eighteen miles, and made ourselves and horses quite tired. This house which is built of grass, is simply one large room with a fire-place in the centre; the roof being high and thatched with straw, the smoke from the fire easily found egress, and gave us no trouble. Being amply provisioned we had a dinner prepared at 6 o'clock—we keep fashionable hours—that would have done credit to your best restaurants.

Our table was a large, new mat spread upon the ground, and we eat reclining in true old Eastern style. The house was well supplied with mats, which we used for chairs, table, and beds.

The next day being Sunday, we remained at our encampment—(travelling on the Sabbath is strictly forbidden here)—and in the morning listened to a very good discourse from Rev. S. C. Damon, who is chaplain at the Seamen's Bethel at Honolulu, and it seemed quite homelike when we all joined singing "Old Hundred." In the evening the servants had a service in their own language, and seemed very devout. Early on Monday morning we were astir, and after four hours' riding, found ourselves suddenly upon the edge of the "old crater," as it is called, which is fifteen miles in circumference. Clambering down the side about a thousand feet, we came to a vast sea of black lava which has cooled and hardened in the form of waves and hillocks and peaks, with here and there a yawning fissure over which we could scarcely leap, and from which rose gas and smoke, which were almost stifling. When we had advanced in this way about three miles the scene became truly appalling, for we were surrounded by clouds of

smoke and steam, emitted by the seams around and beneath our feet, and we could scarcely breathe some of the time. At length, after toiling a long distance, in this way we came to the part of the volcano, now in a state of eruption, and found ourselves standing upon the edge of a burning lake, a mile in circumference, and filled with molten lava. This glowing lake of liquid fire was boiling and rolling, heaving and surging, roaring and hissing in never ceasing commotion—now spouting up a huge column of lava—now belching forth clouds of smoke and sulphurous gas. Indeed it was a scene that passes all description, and might well terrify the stoutest heart. Surely here is "a lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." There is a curious phenomenon noticeable here, which, if I mistake not, occurs at no other volcano. Small jets of lava are thrown up with great force, and then blown by a strong wind, into the finest threads, which sail away to the edges of the crater, and collect in considerable quantities, upon the sides of the surrounding rocks. This vitreous floss very nearly resembles tow in appearance, and is as soft to the touch. It is called Pali's hair—Pali being the goddess, which according to native mythology, dwells in this volcano—and here I will relate a little of the legendary lore which obtains in this part of the world. The Goddess Pali, the reigning deity of this Island, was married a long time ago, but finding afterward, that she was not supremely happy—doubtless owing to some little family jars—she became *hoo-hoo*, or angry, and separated from her husband, giving him the mountain of Mauna Kea, for dwelling place, and reserving Mauna Loa for her own. She agreed that the lava from her volcano should never overflow Mauna Kea—which it is little likely to do, Mauna Kea being 15,000 feet high. Whenever the volcano is in an active state, the natives say, Pali is *hoo-hoo-roa*, (very angry,) and in the olden time it was their custom to offer sacrifice to appease her wrath. Even now, the oldest of them sometimes practice this rite. A few days before our arrival, a very aged native, of ve-

nerable appearance, with hair as white as snow, came from a distant part of the Island to perform this sacrifice, and for the purpose brought a pig, cooked whole. With much difficulty and danger—his limbs scarce able to support him—he reached the edge of the burning crater, and kneeling down, with his face toward the glowing caldron, and his long silvery locks streaming in the wind—amid the smoke and stifling vapor, while the roaring and rumbling from beneath seemed to add an unearthly solemnity to the scene, he offered up his earnest prayer to his mighty and terrible deity, and then cast his oblation into the fiery lake below.

As I listened to the recital of this occurrence, detailed by one of the natives, (while we were sitting around our camp fire,) with all the eloquence which they possess in such large measure, I was thrilled with interest, and to my imagination no scene could be presented which would afford better materials for a painter for a grand and interesting picture. The sincerity of that old man—into whose darkened mind scarce a shadow of a ray of light and truth had ever penetrated, who had thus forced his perilous way into that place so fraught with danger, and bowed himself to worship, even in the very presence of that enraged and awful Deity, whose wrathful mutterings made the mountain to tremble and quake and whose breath was a flame of fire—would put to shame the devotion of many an enlightened Christian in your most favored land. After leaving this burning lake, we went to a small cone which we saw in the distance belching out smoke and steam, and when we reached its summit and looked down into it, we involuntarily jumped back. About fifty feet below us was a river of lava running with great velocity, while the place on which we were standing was intensely hot, and seemed nearly to crumble off into the fiery abyss below.

Our next visit was to a larger crater, very difficult of access, and having attained the brink, we beheld a sight that might cause the boldest to tremble. A vast river of lava was rush-

ing in a mighty, angry torrent, over some obstruction, so that there was, or seemed to be, a fall of several feet, causing the ground to tremble beneath our feet and filling our ears with a great roaring, rumbling sound such as we had never before heard. This place—like ten thousand furnaces hotter and fiercer than Nebuchadnezzar's, burning below us—seemed, indeed, "L'inferno," and had his Satanic Majesty, then and there surrounded by his myriad host of friends, been holding high revel, he could scarcely have produced such a combination of strange and diabolical sounds. Our position being one of imminent danger, we were not indisposed to hasten our departure. We spent the night in a hut on the edge of the old crater, but we were not disposed to sleep much—the sight we beheld after night shut in was too intensely attractive. The effect of the glare of light, flashing continually from twenty different places upon the thick darkness around accompanied by the confused groaning and sighing of the laboring mountain, was, if possible, more unearthly and fascinating than that produced upon us in the day time.

The next morning we turned our faces homeward, and, descending slowly, passed that night at the half-way house, and the following day reached Hilo, and embarked for Honolulu, where we arrived without casualty or incident worthy of notice, on the morning of the 15th, and feeling well repaid for the time and trouble we had taken to visit the great Volcano of Kilanea.—*N. Y. Times.*

LOUIS.

(For the Sailor's Magazine.)

Too Early at the Prayer Meeting.

By A FOREIGN CHAPLAIN.

It is emphatically a work of faith for a seaman's chaplain to preach the Gospel. His hearers come and go; they hear once and are off; he may sow the seed, but cannot watch its germination, growth and maturity.—He may fire an arrow, but knows not whom it will hit, and perhaps may never learn whether it inflicted any wound.

The minister of the Gospel, in the ordinary duties of pastoral life may often meet with discouragements, but the chaplain is peculiarly liable to be discouraged and disheartened. It was at such a moment, that the writer met with a reproof to his want of faith and a check to his despondency, which will prove a salutary lesson.

I was too early at prayer-meeting. In order to fill up the time, I wandered about the streets, hoping I might find some sailors to invite to the prayer meeting. I was rather cast down, feeling somewhat as the prophet Elijah, when he fled into the desert. A tall seafaring man chanced to be coming up the street. I ventured to accost him, and introduced the subject of religion. He was, as I supposed a perfect Stranger. I could neither recollect his countenance or tones of voice. I now learned that he was a good man, struggling to overcome the world, and advance towards heaven. Becoming interested in his conversation, I ventured to ask him, what first arrested his attention and directed his thoughts Zion-ward; he replied, "A sermon I heard you preach about one year ago, in that Bethel, upon the text 'I am the vine you are the branches,' I had been a very wicked man."

I felt sharply reproved for my want of faith, but greatly encouraged to go on and do my duty more faithfully. He accompanied me to the prayer meeting. I listened with great delight to his voice in prayer. He appeared to be a truly good man. Although he seemed to know me perfectly well, still I cannot recall him. He has recently returned from the mines of California. This incident is one that I shall not soon forget; whenever I feel disheartened or discouraged, *I shall recall the christian brother Imet in the dark!*

The Sailor Taken and the Chaplain Spared.

The following extract from a sermon preached by Rev. S. C. Damon, in the Bethel at Honolulu, S. I., Sept. 23d., on occasion of the funeral of Charles Winters, a pious Danish

sailor; as also the subjoined "Statement of Facts" showing how the bullet which was designed for our beloved Chaplain, brought him to his death, will be read with interest, and gratitude to Him, who has prepared the sailor for his sudden departure, and spared the preacher for further usefulness among our brethren of the Sea.—Heb. VI. 19. *Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul sure and steadfast.*

"We are assembled this morning to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of one who possessed that hope, under circumstances peculiarly trying. Having anxiously watched for nearly three days and nights by his dying bed, and having for several months and years been intimately acquainted with him, I feel that I shall be fully justified in not merely alluding to the life, character and death of the deceased, but in dwelling for a few moments upon these topics.

Our acquaintance commenced ten years ago, in the year 1845, when he visited this port as a sailor, on board of a European whaleship. He then visited this chapel, from motives of curiosity, for he could not understand the English language. Having always previously attended the Lutheran Church in Sleswick, Denmark, his native land, our forms of worship, and our plain chapel appeared exceedingly strange. As he has since told me, he hardly knew what opinion to form respecting them. Repeatedly during the stay of his vessel in port, he visited the chapel. He also came to my study and obtained a German Bible, as the German language is spoken in the part of Denmark where he was born. That Bible he has told me he has often read, and took home with him to his friends in Denmark, and when he again left for sea, they persuaded him to leave it among them. In the course of his voyaging, he again came to Honolulu, and obtained another Bible. This one he subsequently lost by fire in California. But from the careful perusal of the sacred volume, impressions deep and lasting

were made upon his mind. About three years ago, while laboring in California, and while encamped, as he expressed it, among the "Roughest," he felt a call from God to devote himself to His Service. Finding the society of his fellow laborers uncongenial to religious meditation, he took his blankets, wandered away from his cabin, and dwelt alone for a time among the hills. There he earnestly sought the favor of heaven, and the pardon of his sins. God listened to his earnest petitions. On returning to his companions, they laughed at his seriousness, and ridiculed his new course of life. The question arose in his mind, whether he should go for advice and counsel, Honolulu appeared the most desirable point. He returned to San Francisco and soon shipped on board a vessel bound hither. Again calling at my study, he obtained another Bible, which was subsequently lost when the "John Wesley" was wrecked, at Koloa, Kauai, less than two years ago. Again returning to Honolulu, he obtained another copy of God's Word, which was the fourth obtained at my study. The last was in the English language. This Bible he left as a dying bequest to my family. I shall not soon forget the modesty with which he received it. Having obtained so many, he felt ashamed, he said, to ask for another!

It was a singular circumstance, that he should, after ten years' wandering, have returned to die in my study, on the very spot from whence he had received the Word of life and to bear such unqualified testimony to its power to sustain the soul, in the severest moment of agony, and in view of death.

I am particular to mention these items, because it was almost entirely owing to the diligent reading of God's Word, that his mind became enlightened. For whatever of firm Christian hope he subsequently obtained, the reading of the Bible was the instrument. I delight to trace the operations of the spirit of God, in thus applying the truth of his word to the hearts of sinners. It speaks a note of encouragement to all who are engaged in this good work of scatter-

ing abroad the Bible among seamen. Such examples are beautiful illustrations of the words of scripture. "For as the rain cometh down and snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater. So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isaiah, 55th chapter, 10th and 11th verses.

He became connected with our Bethel Church in January, 1854. At the time of his examination, there were doubts in the minds of the members of the church, respecting the propriety of admitting him, for he was apparently unable to express himself in language which was at all intelligible. This arose partly from his very imperfect knowledge of the English language, but more especially from an instinctive modesty, to communicate his feelings upon religious subjects. From subsequent acquaintance I learned that he possessed a retiring modesty which exerted a controlling influence over his mind. These traits of character have been more fully developed since he came to lodge upon my premises. Having for many years been buffeting the waves, and arriving at a period of life (he was 45 years of age) when the sailor feels that he is becoming an old man, he felt that he should be glad to reside permanently on shore, if he could gain a livelihood. Gratitude for having received the Word of Life at my hands, led him often to my study, and finally to becoming located upon my premises, where we became strongly attached to him, on account of his many good qualities. As I watched from day to day, his quiet, modest and consistent course of Christian conduct, I have felt reproved. He was a man of prayer, and a Bible reader, having always been a member of my Bible class. Religion was with him a living principle. It appeared not so much in what he said, and in the profession which he made, as in his uniform and daily example. I have dwelt thus minutely upon his

life and character, because I deemed this course to be necessary, in order to appreciate the closing scenes of his life.

On retiring last Tuesday evening, I remarked to him that I wished he would occasionally during the night, look about the premises. In complying with my wishes, he received the fatal wound. From the moment that the ball entered his body, he did not expect to survive. Indeed, at first, he did not suppose he should live an hour. Believing that his time had come, and expecting his departure every moment, still he did not for a single minute lose his presence of mind or express the shadow of the fear of death.—

While suffering intense pain he gave me a few directions about the settlement of his worldly affairs. Without a tear, sigh of regret, or murmur of complaint, he expressed a perfect willingness to leave this world, if it should be God's will. "All is right," he said, repeating the remark again and again during his sickness. "Thy will be done," was the prevailing thought in his mind. When asked upon what he founded his hope of happiness after death, he replied "upon the love which I have for the things of Christ."

At one time, as we were watching by his bed side, and supposing that he was about to breathe his last, and would never more speak to us, he raised his eyes to heaven, and slowly articulated, "I cannot express the happiness I now feel." "All is right." On seeing one weeping, he smilingly said, "What kind of tears are those?" The reply was, "tears of joy for you, and sorrow for ourselves." He then remarked, "let them be all tears of joy—joy, rejoice with me, that I am going to my Saviour."

On one occasion, when a few flowers were brought to him, with the remark, "these are from your garden," he replied pointing upward, "my garden is above." Upon another occasion, when told that in the opinion of his physician, a few hours alone, remained to him, he looked up saying, "So close to Christ."

I hope I shall be pardoned for mak-

ing an allusion to one incident, which occurred a few moments after he was wounded. Expecting that every breath might be his last, he requested me to open his Bible to the book of Samuel, and I should there find a note, it was addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Damon, it read as follows: "I was an hungerd and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, sick and ye visited me, (I was not in prison, pray, O Lord, preserve me from that and all other evils.)" And the King will say, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"The Lord bless you and your little ones, both now and forever." Instead of thanks take this."

Perhaps some will be surprised that he should have prepared for us, this parting farewell, hence I would observe, that on the day following the fatal event, he was expecting to remove from my premises and take temporary charge of the Sailors' Home, to which station he had been appointed by the Trustees. In anticipation of his departure he had prepared this note. Under all the circumstances, I know not as I ever received a more touching communication. His shrinking and retiring modesty, prevented him from speaking his thanks, and hence he adopted this method of letting us know that his generous and affectionate bosom glowed with a full flow of grateful emotions.

I feel that I owe no apology to this audience for occupying the time usually allotted to the Sabbath morning's discourse, in thus minutely dwelling upon the dying sayings, of one to whose faithfulness, I am doubtless indebted for the privilege of standing in my accustomed place, to proclaim to you once more the message of eternal life, and make known to you, that compliance with the terms of the gospel, will impart to you such a hope as buoyed him up, in his course of suffering and agony. I should reproach myself did I withhold the tribute of a grateful heart, for the noble and disinterested sentiments which

he again and again uttered on his dying bed. In his moments of intense agony he would exclaim, "How glad I am it was me." Having few worldly ties, and assured that his anchor was cast within the veil, that there was no "dragging," but all was sure and steadfast, he calmly awaited the moment when his ransomed spirit would quit its earthly abode, and mount upward to his Father and our Father, to his God and our God.

In conclusion I would briefly remark, that the character and death of the deceased illustrate in a most striking manner, the worth and importance of true religion. If religion is a fiction, as the sceptic and scoffer affirm, it is a glorious fiction! It is a fiction more valuable than worlds of solid gold. The testimony of this Danish Sailor, combined with the testimony of a multitude of other believers proves most conclusively that the religion of Christ is not a fiction, but rather a great and glorious reality. It can boast of its power to support and sustain the soul, when its possessor is called to walk the pathway of adversity and sorrow. Faith in Jesus Christ is a sovereign balm for all earth's sorrows. Clouds may overcast the Christian's sky, but upon those clouds the believer discerns a rainbow of promise. In the beautiful language of Leigh Richmond, when referring to the Christian hope:

"What though a cloud o'er shade my sight,
Big with affliction's tear,
'Tis faith amidst the drops that fall,
Discerns a rainbow there!"

Another excellency of the Christian's hope, appears in times of sudden accident or calamity, when the sufferer is left not a moment, to make his preparation for another world.—Then the soul, if ever, needs a something sure upon which to rest. With a body agonized with pain and a mind distressed, what a soothing balm spreads itself over the soul of the dying person, if there is a consciousness that the Saviour is near, to pass with him through the dark valley and shadow of death. Then and under such circumstances, the Christian's hope is the pearl of great price. It was thus with our deceased friend. When the summons came, he was ready.

Not even for one moment did his trust falter or his hope grow weak.—His firm trust and assured hope enabled him to face the King of terrors without the least misgiving. Approaching the confines of the unseen world, and while standing upon the brink of the grave he exhibited not one trembling emotion. He could say "O Grave, where is thy victory; O Death, where is thy sting?"

My noble, faithful and disinterested friend—Farewell.

STATEMENT OF FACTS.

In order to make this statement plain, it will be necessary, that I introduce the names of parties who would shrink from public notoriety, and this is especially true of one whose name has been unfortunately, but most innocently connected with this sad affair. It is now more than four weeks since Madame Rouquette became an inmate of my family, and during that period we have become strongly attached to her for her sweetness of disposition and other amiable qualities. Of her previous history, I know little, except that she has resided among us nearly a year, making every effort in her power to sustain a respectable standing, without the aid of others. Being necessarily left for a season, to struggle on alone, her over-taxed nervous system gave way and a temporary derangement of mind was the consequence. With a nearly empty purse, she would not ask, neither could she cheerfully receive aid. We cannot trace the workings of her mind or know perhaps, what led to this nervous derangement of the intellect; sufficient, that she deserves our sympathy and kindest expression of feeling. Her husband, Dr. Rouquette has been absent several months, in Oregon, but has already made arrangements for her to join him, and she leaves to-day, Sept. 26th, on board the "Frances Palmer," for San Francisco.

When she had been about one week in my family, the clipper ship "Shooting Star" arrived having on board an American seaman, who was discharged by the Consul. Very soon after taking up his abode on shore, he

called at my study seeking employment, as he wished to reside on land. He soon found it, but after a day or two returned saying that he was not pleased with his place. As I was about leaving for another island, he requested the privilege of coming to my study, to read, remarking that he preferred it, to associating with such persons as he found at his boarding house. On my return after an absence of ten days, I learned that he was in the habit of coming every day, and would occasionally hang about the door of the sitting-room, where seeing Madame Rouquette, in company with Mrs. Damon, he fancied he had seen her before in Sonora. The question being asked her in his presence, "Did you ever see this man?" She replied, "No, neither was I ever in Sonora." She also remarked that she was afraid of him, his conduct appeared so strange. Mrs. D. says, "If you are afraid of him, I will tell him to come no more to the study?" She replied, "No, lest it should make him angry." This was all she ever knew of the man, for his repeated requests for an interview, were not made known to her, on account of her state of mind.

On the afternoon of the fatal day he became quite angry that he should be denied a private interview, and deliberately armed himself, to carry his point. The sad result is well known. I would here remark, that from the first his conduct appeared exceedingly strange, but supposing him harmless, I had not deemed it necessary to deny him, absolutely, to enter my premises. But on the afternoon of the fatal day, as he exhibited so much anger, that he should be denied a private interview, I represented his case to the U. S. Consul and requested that he might be confined. Report was made to the Police, but the man Francis could not be found. Between 8 and 9 o'clock, in the evening it was reported that he was in the neighborhood. I again notified the Police, and a constable was stationed in the street front of my house.

On retiring I remarked to Winters, who was residing upon my premises, and lodging near the room occupied

by Madame Rouquette, I wish you would occasionally, during the night, look about the premises, to see if Francis is lurking about and notify the police. In compliance with my request, he arose about 15m. before 12 o'clock, left his room to look over the fence near Madame Rouquette's room. As he approached the room the fatal shot was fired by Francis who was concealed behind a tree.—The parties were about six feet apart. The ball entered his breast, passed through his lungs, and lodged under the shoulder blade, causing death in three days.

Francis fled and was immediately arrested by Mr. Jordan, one of the police. At the moment of his arrest he threw down his pistol and dirk. In regard to subsequent events I leave them for others to record and publish. In conclusion I would merely remark, respecting certain letters, about which so much has been said, that they do not contain anything improper, but many strange and incoherent expressions. One contained "Bird's eye view of the life and family of A. G. Francis," another was addressed to "the ladies of Honolulu greeting."

Said Francis represented himself, as having resided for several years in California, and as having friends now residing in Philadelphia, New York, and Brooklyn.

HONOLULU, 26th Sept. 1855.

S. C. DAMON.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

A Letter to a Captain. 2

CAPT. ———,

Dear Sir :

Since I was aboard of your vessel I have been thinking a great deal about salt water and salt air. They must be very *singular things*, at least, their effect on human beings must be very singular.

You claim that to preach the gospel to sailors, and to talk about sailors becoming pious are alike *utter folly*, and even it by *any possibility* a sailor should become pious, that you would not desire him on board of your vessel—yes, in your own words, "I would not wish them to pray for me!"

Now taking it for granted that you admit sailors to be human beings; and admitting as you do the truth of the Christian religion and its adaptation to the human race, can you explain to me how it is that salt water and salt air so transform a certain set of men, that no longer they are fit subjects to be preached to or to receive the Gospel?

And will Capt. J— tell me whether it was always so—whether when he himself was in the fore-castle he felt that sailors were such a miserable set of outsiders that it was *utter nonsense* for any one to attempt to do anything for them morally?

If you say "Ah! sailors were a different set of fellows then from what they are now," for the sake of asking another question, I will admit it (though I do not think sailors have changed much in the little time since you have been called to be master) how is it that those who have *recently* become officers have suddenly undergone a tremendous change? As it were, yesterday the sailor was immortal and more ought there to be care for his soul; to-day *he is a dog* and ought to be thrashed around the world. Is it not wonderful *what a change* comes over some men in their short passage from the fore-castle to the cabin? Understand me, I do not say it is so in your case—I am sure I know not—I only ask whether or not? I know it is so in very many cases.

Again, let me ask—did you ever entreat a sailor, as Paul entreated weepingly, to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? If not, how can you say they are not susceptible of impressions and that it is *perfect folly* to talk to them about religion?

But to drop these questions, there is one thing certain, Captain, whether any sailors enter Heaven or not, we cannot meet our responsibility at the Judgment Bar without *earnestly, devoutly, perseveringly*, warning, rebuking, with "all long suffering," and telling them of Christ, who certainly is able to snatch a man who goes to sea from the hands of the Evil One? and also it is certain that whether any sailors are saved or not, we have got individual souls to be *saved or lost*—and

the wrong conduct of others will never excuse us.

Yours in Christ

J. B. RIPLEY.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Lahaina Chaplaincy.

Arrival of Whaleships—Chapel Repaired—Wanderer Restored—Narrow Escape from death—Peril from a River of Fire.

Dear Sir :

I find it not easy to write in the midst of various and pressing duties and yet there are a few things apparently worthy of mention, which I might forget by delay.

It is about six weeks since the whaleships began to come in, and since then but slowly, until about two weeks ago, nor have the great body of the fleet yet made their appearance. About twenty-five ships are now in port, enough to fill the town with seamen and life.

Most of our ships touch at this port year after year. Some which arrived out from home the first Spring that I resided here, are in port again, on their way home with the results of their long voyage. Some of them have touched at this port six times during that period. Hence many, both of masters and sailors are old friends, some, I rejoice to say, warm ones whom it is a great pleasure to meet once more.

Our Chapel is not yet repaired; probably it will be done during next month. It is a rather difficult job, since the roof is loose, and the walls badly spread. The best judges, though, assure us it can be done successfully. With very little effort I have already raised \$300 for the purpose, among residents and ship-masters, and expect to get easily whatever else is needed. At present, through the kindness of our native brethren, we find a place of assembly in their house of worship, which is probably the finest one in the group. But in its immense space our little congregation seems lost.

I believe I mentioned in a late communication the case of a young man in the Hospital who seemed to be truly

pious, but during my absence was induced to join the Mormons, and afterwards went to Hilo to assist their emissaries there, in spite of my efforts to turn him from his error. I have seldom felt more grateful than when some weeks later that young man made his appearance as he did, thoroughly disenchanted and undeceived. It appeared that when his pretended friends learned the conversations I had with him they hurried his departure. But his faith was, as I imagined already, greatly disturbed, and during his short residence in Hilo, completely destroyed by witnessing the unchristian temper, heathenish doctrines, and abominable impostures of his new associates. I thought a higher power had been with him opening his eyes to distinguish error from truth. Had he been prayerless or not heartily sincere, I do not think he would have been reclaimed. But "the sons of God, are led by the Spirit of God."

Our sympathies have been of late greatly exercised for our fellow laborers in this work. Bro. Damon, of Honolulu has lately met with a severe trial, and narrow escape from death, the circumstances of which I need not give. I knew poor Winters whose life ransomed his, and loved him much as a devout humble Christian sailor. Bro. D.'s sermon published in the, "Friend" tells how he mourned him as well he might.

Bro. Coan also, we fear, is in the midst of terrible trouble, though we know not. The latest intelligence we have from Hilo, is by letter of last week from Mr. Pitman, the leading merchant of that port, who expresses the liveliest apprehensions that the town and harbor will be destroyed in a few days by the lava. You will probably have already heard of the enormous eruption of Mauna Lea, now in progress, where in incredible quantities the lava has been pouring out of a fissure eight miles long, near the top of the mountain, at the height of 13,000 feet, as if verily the hot bowels of the earth were gushing out of the bursted mountain. For ten weeks already has the river of fire been flooding the land, flowing in many wide branches. The main

stream is said to be from six to ten miles wide and fifty miles long. About 700 square miles of land are already submerged. When Mr. Pitman wrote, some part of the flood was within 7 miles of Hilo, and flowing towards it, while the supply from above seemed increased rather than diminished.—Should it touch the harbor, as is expected, a valuable port of resort for whalers will be ruined, a flourishing town and large amount of property destroyed, the garden of the group desolated, and a flourishing mission station with churches and schools broken up. Such a calamity as this has always been supposed impossible, so distant was the volcano, but who can tell what God will do? I believe there is no other eruption like this recorded in history. The like is only found among the convulsions of Geological Epochs.

Truly your brother in Christ,
S. E. BISHOP.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

When the Work Will be More than Half Done.

My Dear Sir:

I have been looking over the Annual Reports of the Seaman's Friend Society, which you were so kind as to send Me; and am going to tell you of some prominent ideas suggested partly by the reading, and partly by recent observation.

I have always had the feeling, that sailors as a class, were sadly neglected, and that the Foreign Mission spirit in its long leap upon foreign shores had overleaped entirely a large number of very worthy subjects nearer home. There is a sense of isolation comes over a man, when at sea which makes one inclined to doubt whether he has any connection with the land or the people who live upon it, and it will take some time to remove this impression to make sailors believe there is anything doing for them.

"I am only an old canvas-back—who cares about me?" This is an expression familiar to any one who has sailed in the fore-castle. And you would be amazed to know how deep

seated is the feeling. Sailors are not hard to convince on a point when there seems any likelihood of truth, and tales of ghosts and corporecents, or almost any kind of fiction, if properly told, will go down without much difficulty.

But the idea that hundreds of people are holding meetings, are subscribing money, are building churches and sending ministers, all for the sake of sailors—is so unlikely, so contrary to all their preconceived ideas, that one would hardly dare risk his reputation for veracity in the fore-castle, by telling it, and yet such facts, if once heard and believed, would do wonders in waking to life the germ of good, which really is in the breast of almost every sailor.

But in addition to this, if the many prayers which daily go up from anxious hearts, for those who are on the sea, could only be heard by those prayed for, how would their feelings of loneliness be changed to those of hope, of gratitude and esteem. When once the barriers are broken down which hide from the sailor, the sympathy, and interest which thousands of the best among our people have for them, then will light begin to pour in upon them without limit. If you can only make it be believed in the fore-castle that the Christian community are anxious to have a higher standard of morality among sailors. If you can make it believed that thousands of the virtuous and good think of sailors as their fellow men, in whose temporal and spiritual welfare they are deeply interested.

If you can make sailors believe that they are the men for whom Christ died, your work will then be more than half done.

And why do not sailors believe these things? Simply because they are so contrary to all their habitual feelings. Who knows but this letter may find its way into some fore-castle and find sailors? If so, it shall tell them as the testimony of one who has seen both sides of the curtain, that they have no conception of the interest which is felt for them, and of the prayers which are daily offered in their behalf. It shall tell them, as the

earnest testimony of one who knows what sailor life is, and what Jesus' love is, that they *are* the *very* men for whom Christ died, and whom he still loves and will save if they will only let Him do it.

And beside this, it shall tell them that every Christian who does not labor and pray for their conversion, is recreant to his trust, and unworthy his calling.

I have talked with many persons who, though they do not understand sailor character, and are ignorant of the circumstances which make him what he is, still are awake to the need of more earnest prayer and devoted labor in behalf of these thousands so long neglected. It seems as though there is a dawning of light, not perhaps, shining much upon sailors as yet, but all ready to shine when the clouds which intervene shall blow over. This is encouraging, public sentiment is not affected in a day or a year, but when aroused its effects are neither temporary nor evanescent.

B.

ANDOVER, Dec. 1855.

Local Attraction of Ships.

[From the Boston Atlas.]

Since the announcement that Capt. Morris had discovered a perfect mode of adjusting the compass, in any ship, whether built of wood or iron, a deep interest has been taken in the subject by shipmasters. Nor is this strange, when we call to mind that almost every ship's compass is more or less affected by local attraction. The letter which follows, written by an intelligent gentleman, shows how earnestly local attraction has engaged the attention of sea-fearing men, during many years without any satisfactory result. His suggestions about copper rods instead of iron through the between decks stanchions might be of value, had not Capt. Morris discovered how to neutralize attraction. But another plan, and one less expensive, is now coming into general use, viz: making the stanchions in the between decks the same size and shape as those below, without any

iron but the clasps and bolts at the beam.

Capt. Morris's plan of adjusting the compass is so perfect that he can neutralize the local attraction, no matter how powerful or of what denomination, in any ship, and thus leave the compass free to the action of polar attraction alone. Already he has adjusted the compasses of nine vessels, six of them steamers, and has certificates from their captains, expressing not only their confidence in his adjustments, but their gratitude for the comparative safety with which they are now enabled to navigate their vessels. Capt. Morris's discovery is not the result of a lucky thought, but has engaged his attention during the past ten years, six of which he has tested its truth in the iron steamer *R. B. Forbes*. Its value to the shipping interest is of such vast importance that it only requires to be known to be adopted. It is highly probable that the loss of many vessels which has been attributed to currents, has, in fact, been caused by local attraction deranging the compass.

To the Editors of the Atlas:

I noticed in your paper a few days since, an article upon the local attraction of ships.

Too little attention has been paid to that subject by masters, owners, or underwriters, although it is fully treated on by Arnold, in his *Shipmasters' Assistant*, published in Philadelphia some thirty years since; and Barlow invented and made public his "Correctors" full twenty years ago.

But in the present mode of constructing ships a new element of disturbance to the compass has been developed, which, I think, has not yet received the notice its importance demands. Indeed, I know not that it has been noticed at all by others.

My attention was first called to it a few years since in the following manner:

A shipmaster requested me to examine the mizzen-mast of his ship, averring that it disturbed the compass in an unwarrantable manner. He placed a compass upon the cabin floor, and by a change of a few feet in pos-

ition, the direction of the needle varied eight points. The compass being just abaft the mizzen-mast, the ship at the time heading South, the captain concluded that the cause of the mischief must be in the mast.

Knowing that a pine stick could produce no such effect, and that no amount of iron used in the construction of a ship, provided said iron was in an unmagnetic state, could in that place attract a compass so powerfully, and being aware that iron rods, placed in a vertical position, at once acquired a degree of magnetism, which continues to increase as long as they are kept in that position, it immediately occurred to me that the iron rods pass-through the between deck stanchions were in a position to produce the effect observed.

On removing the carpet, it was seen that the compass was just abaft a deck beam. I then placed the compass near the other deck beams under the cabin, and found a powerful effect produced at all of them, varying somewhat in intensity, the compass turning entirely round at some, so that the North end pointed South.

As the upper end of an iron rod, in a magnetic state will attract the North point of a compass, so also will the lower end equally attract the South point of the needle.

The experiment was easily tried on those rods, by going between decks. When the compass was held near the upper end of a stanchion the North point of the needle would be toward it, and continue so on all sides of it; while near the lower deck the South end of the needle would point to the stanchion, on whatever side of it the compass was placed, showing conclusively that the stanchion contained a magnet of no small force.

The ship had a deck cabin with half poop, and the binnacle was at the after part of the cabin, directly over a deck beam.

The captain said that the only way he could get along at sea was by placing a compass on the forward part of the deck cabin, to get the true course by, and allowing the difference between that and the compass in the binnacle, which often amounted to four

points.

The point I think worthy of attention, and which I have never yet seen any notice of in print, is the magnetic influence of those iron rods which are now used in the construction of all classes of double-decked vessels.

Few persons are aware of the rapidity with which soft iron becomes magnetic when held in a vertical position, or near the position of the dipping needle. Any person can try the experiment with a circumferentia or with a pocket compass, by holding an iron rod three feet in length in a vertical position, and raising and lowering it so that the ends may alternately come near the compass. It will be seen that not only does the rod instantly acquire magnetism, but that its poles are reversed the moment the position of the rod is reversed.

If compasses are thus affected in our modern built ships, and who can doubt that numerous shipwrecks have occurred from that cause, what is the remedy?

I answer, it is to place copper rods instead of iron ones through all the stanchions abaft the mizzen mast.—There can be no objection, except the expense, and that is the merest trifle compared with the whole cost of the ship, or with the advantage and safety accruing.

I doubt not that many a shipmaster, who has been sorely tried with his compasses, would find a solution of the mystery, if he would make an examination in the manner above indicated.

In the hope that this may be of service to humanity, and lead to further investigation, I leave it with you to make such use of it as you may think proper. Your obedient servant,

JOHN HAYDEN.

BATH, Me., Dec. 3.

The Late Amos Lawrence.

A writer in the Boston Transcript gives the following notices of the early habits of the late Amos Lawrence, one of the merchant princes of Boston, gathered from "The Diary and Cor-

respondence of Amos Lawrence," edited by his son, Dr. W. R. Lawrence.

While an apprentice in a store in Groton—A. D. 1799—Mr. L. abstained entirely from indulgences common among his fellow apprentices. He says: "I have never in my life smoked a cigar, never chewed but one quid, and that before I was fifteen, and never took an ounce of snuff." "At the commencement of your journey, the difference between going *just right* or a little *wrong*, will be the difference between finding yourself in good quarters, or in a miserable bog or slough, at the end of it." In 1807 he came to Boston with \$20 in his pocket, feeling, as he says, "richer than I ever felt since," and he gave the neighbor who drove him to the city \$2 of his \$20. At his boarding place he secured an hour after tea for study and reading. His maxim was, "Business before friends." During the first seven years of his mercantile life, he never "allowed a bill to stand unsettled over the Sabbath." He kept an accurate account of the merchandise bought and sold each day, avoided excessive credits, and practised the most rigid economy, never, as he says, allowing himself to spend a four-pence for unnecessary objects till he had acquired it." During the first year he made \$1,500, and the second \$4,000. In January, 1808, his whole profits were \$175, but at successive intervals of six years from that time he became worth, 1814, \$60,000; 1820, \$112,000; 1826, \$280,000; and in 1832, \$427,000. During the financial difficulties occasioned by the war with England he never desponded, but, as the editor says, displayed "cool sagacity and unceasing watchfulness and perseverance." Amid all the cares and perplexities of business, "home, with its endearments, occupied the first place in his affections." Speaking of "over engagedness in his business," he says that property acquired at such a sacrifice "costs more than it is worth."

Mr. L. wrote with facility; and many volumes of his letters since 1828 have been preserved, the greater part of them addressed to his children.—

From these, numerous extracts are given, full of characteristic remarks and wise counsels: "Do not cheat yourself by doing what you suspect may be wrong. You are as much accountable to your Maker for an enlightened exercise of your mind, as you would be to me, to use due diligence in taking care of a bag of money, which I might send by you."—"Good principles, good temper, and good manners, will carry a man through the world much better than he can get along with the absence of either. The most important is good principles." "Temptation, if successfully resisted, strengthens the character; but it should always be avoided." "The moral taste, like the natural, is vitiated by abuse." "The open-mouthed lovers of *dear people* are self-seekers in most instances. Beware of such." "He whose life ends at thirty may have done much; while he who has reached the age of one hundred may have done little." "Bring home no foreign fancies which are inapplicable to our state of society." "I hope and trust the time is not far distant when Christmas will be observed by the descendants of the Puritans with all suitable respect as the first and highest holiday of Christ." etc.

In 1829 he commenced a memorandum book—continued to his death, Dec. 30, 1852—containing a statement of all his donations, in money, or other articles charged at cost. They within this period, amounted to \$639,000, and, added to his prior unrecorded charities, probably make a total of *several hundred thousand dollars*. His donations were of a miscellaneous character; adapted to the wants of the recipient; often bulky, so as to be packed and tied up in small handkerchiefs." Thus "to a professor in a college in a remote region he sends a package containing a dressing gown, vest, hat, slippers, jack knife, scissors, pins, neck handkerchiefs, pantaloons, cloth for coat, *History of Groton*, lot of pamphlets," etc. Applications were often made, which it was found necessary to refuse. "A Mr. F., with a great share of hair on his face, gold ring and chains, wants to

travel for his health: has a wife and child," is recorded as a "*forbidding case*."

Robin Story.

We heard a story of the performance of a robin in the garden of one of our citizens, on Friday last, which interested us not a little, inasmuch as the little creature and its mate exhibited a sagacity, amounting to human reason. The incident occurred in the garden of Mr. John Bromham, which is a large one, reaching from his house in Olive street to Warren street. While he was attending some part of it near his house, a robin flew about him apparently in great excitement. He took but little notice of it at first; but the bird persevered in every effort to attract his attention, and was soon successful. Mr. B. remembered that there was a robin's nest in a tree at the end of the garden, and thought there might be some trouble there, and started in that direction. The bird accompanied him, keeping close to his side, chattering violently all the way. On approaching the nest he found the female bird equally agitated, and on taking deliberate observation, discovered a very young robin sitting on the high fence, and a cat below intently watching it, and ready to pounce upon it on the failure of its attempt to reach the tree. Mr. B. drove away the cat, when the two birds instantly came to the assistance of their young one, encouraged it to try its new fledged wings for the tree, which it did, and safely reached its nest to the great apparent delight of the whole feathered family. The bird had seen enough of Mr. B. to know that he would not injure it or its progeny—it knew that he could protect them, and knew how to attract his attention and lead him to the scene of danger—and it knew that it would not be safe to encourage its young one to make any effort to reach the tree, while the dreaded enemy was below, ready to spring upon it, in case of its failure. Is not all this very near akin to human reason?—*New Haven Pal.*

Increase of Riches.

From the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury we give statistical tables showing the rapid increase of the *commerce, tonnage and coinage* of the United States.

Year ending June 30.	EXPORTS			IMPORTS. Total.
	Domestic Produce	Foreign Merchandise.	Total.	
1847.	\$150,637,464	\$3,011,153	\$158,648,622	\$146,545,638
1848.	132,904,121	21,128,010	154,032,131	154,998,928
1849.	132,666,955	13,088,865	145,755,820	147,857,439
1850.	136,946,912	14,951,808	151,898,720	178,138,318
1851.	196,689,718	21,698,293	218,388,011	216,224,932
1852.	192,368,984	17,209,382	209,658,366	212,945,442
1853.	213,417,697	17,558,460	230,976,157	267,978,647
1854.	253,390,870	21,850,194	278,241,064	304,562,381
1855.	246,708,553	28,448,293	275,156,846	261,458,520
	\$4,820,422,630	\$1,349,651,124	\$6,170,074,744	\$6,982,901,454

These figures in themselves are very strong indications of the growing commercial importance of the country, and of its ability to meet and pay for *from its own soil* and industrial forces, the importation of three hundred millions of foreign goods annually. The importations have doubled and the exports have trebled since the year 1840, and it may be well to exhibit the marked changes in these respects, within the half century, viz. :

YEAR.	EXPORTS.			IMPORTS.
	Domestic	Foreign	Total.	
1800	31,840,000	39,130,000	70,971,000	91,252,000
1807	48,699,000	59,643,000	108,343,000	138,500,000
1814	6,782,000	145,000	6,927,000	12,965,000
1820	51,683,000	18,008,000	69,691,000	74,450,000
1830	59,462,000	14,387,000	73,849,000	70,876,000
1840	113,895,000	18,190,000	132,085,000	107,141,000

The export of Coin the last fiscal year was over \$50,000,000 to pay for silks, finery, German toys and railroad iron. The largest amount of coin ever exported in a single year. The largest import was in 1817, when the Bank of England was nearly reduced to bankruptcy.

MOVEMENT OF COIN AND BULLION FOR ELEVEN YEARS.

YEAR.	Imports.	Exports.	Exc. of Imports.	Exc. of Exports.
1845 . .	4,070,242	8,606,495	4,536,253
1846 . .	3,777,732	3,945,268	127,536
1847 . .	24,121,289	1,907,024	22,214,265
1848 . .	6,360,224	15,841,616	9,481,392
1849 . .	6,651,240	5,404,648	1,246,592
1850 . .	4,628,792	7,522,994	2,894,202
1851 . .	5,453,592	29,472,752	24,019,160
1852 . .	5,505,044	42,674,135	37,169,091
1853 . .	4,201,382	27,486,875	23,285,493
1854 . .	6,758,587	41,197,300	34,438,713
1855 . .	3,659,812	56,247,343	52,587,531
	75,287,937	240,366,450	23,460,857	188,539,371

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TONNAGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A more flattering feature, and one that strongly indicates the vast resources of the country, is the growing tonnage from year to year, viz. : 1,280,000 tons in 1820 ; 1,191,000 tons in 1830 ; 2,180,000 tons, in 1840 ; and 5,212,000 tons in 1855. The rapid changes in this respect since 1844 have been as follows :—

| <i>Year Ending<br/>June 30.</i> | <i>Registered<br/>Tonnage</i> | <i>Enrolled and<br/>Licensed</i> | <i>Total<br/>Tonnage.</i> |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1844 . . . . .                  | 1,068,765                     | 1,211,330                        | 2,280,095                 |
| 1845 . . . . .                  | 1,095,172                     | 1,321,830                        | 2,417,002                 |
| 1846 . . . . .                  | 1,130,286                     | 1,431,798                        | 2,562,084                 |
| 1847 . . . . .                  | 1,241,313                     | 1,597,733                        | 2,839,046                 |
| 1848 . . . . .                  | 1,360,887                     | 1,793,155                        | 3,154,042                 |
| 1849 . . . . .                  | 1,428,942                     | 1,895,074                        | 3,334,016                 |
| 1850 . . . . .                  | 1,585,711                     | 1,949,743                        | 3,535,454                 |
| 1851 . . . . .                  | 1,726,307                     | 2,046,132                        | 3,772,439                 |
| 1852 . . . . .                  | 1,899,448                     | 2,238,992                        | 4,138,440                 |
| 1853 . . . . .                  | 2,103,674                     | 2,303,336                        | 4,407,010                 |
| 1854 . . . . .                  | 2,233,819                     | 2,469,083                        | 4,802,902                 |
| 1855 . . . . .                  | 2,535,156                     | 2,676,664                        | 5,212,000                 |

COINAGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The coinage and assay operations for the year 1854-5 were as follows :

|                            | <i>Gold</i>     | <i>Silver.</i> | <i>Total.</i>   |
|----------------------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Mint Phila. . . . .        | \$22,738,418 95 | \$2,897,613 38 | \$25,636,032 88 |
| “ N. Orleans . . . . .     | 525,464 58      | 2,548,581 76   | 3,073,996 34    |
| “ San Franc’co . . . . .   | 16,155,745 93   | 127,757 57     | 16,283,503 50   |
| “ Dahlonega . . . . .      | 199,123 26      | —              | 190,123 26      |
| “ Charlotte . . . . .      | 250,138 06      | —              | 250,138 06      |
| Assay office N. Y. . . . . | 24,355,002 88   | 219,211 45     | 24,574,214 33   |
| Total . . . . .            | \$64,223,893 66 | \$5,793,114 16 | \$70,017,007 82 |

Of this amount of coinage and bars, the sources are as follows :

|                                               |                 |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Foreign Coin, gold . . . . .                  | \$205,919 12    |
| Foreign bullion do. . . . .                   | 440,624 50      |
| United States coin, gold . . . . .            | 3,317 50        |
| United States bullion, do. . . . .            | 63,574,032 54   |
|                                               | <hr/>           |
|                                               | 64,223,893 66   |
| Silver Deposit (including purchase) . . . . . | 5,421,777 31    |
| “ parted from U. S. bullion . . . . .         | 371,336 85      |
|                                               | <hr/>           |
| Total . . . . .                               | \$70,017,007 82 |



# NAVAL JOURNAL.

## Marine Disasters of 1855.

By adding the reported wrecks and losses of vessels at sea, during the past year, as reported in the numbers of the Magazine, we find there were wrecked and burned, most of them either in the American waters, or American vessels on foreign coasts, and all of them total losses :

| Sloops.                     | Sch'nrs. | Brigs. | Barks.   | Ships. | Steamers. | Total Vessels. |
|-----------------------------|----------|--------|----------|--------|-----------|----------------|
| 1                           | 125      | 89     | 40       | 70     | 2         |                |
| MISSING.                    |          |        |          |        |           |                |
|                             | 11       | 3      | 3        | 3      |           | 336            |
| OF THE WRECKS WERE BRITISH. |          |        |          |        |           |                |
|                             | 8        | 15     | 11       | 8      |           |                |
| Spanish                     |          | 2      | French   | 2      | Bel'g     | 1              |
| Venetian                    |          | 1      | Nor'gian | 1      |           |                |
|                             |          |        |          |        |           | Total Foreign. |
|                             |          |        |          |        |           | 49             |

The value of vessels, cargoes and freight bills as estimated last year, (See Feb. No. of Mag. 1855) is . . . . . \$18,118,900  
 The value of the Foreign vessels &c., is . . . . . 2,256,200  
 Leaving the losses to American merchants, owners and underwriters . . . . . 15,862,700

The loss of lives known or estimated in the wrecks were . . . . 215

The crews alone of the missing vessels could not have been less than 215

Making a total of . . . . . , . . . . 430

It has by no means been an uncommonly disastrous year, it is only an ordinary waste of commerce, though in the above is included rather an unusual number of whale ships.

The year previous, a year of storms, the losses amounted to the large sum of \$25,000,000, and of lives to near 2500. Yet it amounts to an annual tax of more than 50 cents a head on all the inhabitants of the United States.

Would it not be wise and well for owners and underwriters to enquire a little more into the causes of these losses ?

How much of it is owing to the incompetency of employees or bad seamen ? and how much of this incompetent service is owing to low wages, poor fare and bad treatment, and the almost utter want of interest among employers in the character and welfare of their servants ?

Should any of them be God-fearing men, it might be well to enquire farther, if Jehovah in his wrath, does not sometimes sweep the ocean with a tempest and sink their ships for the wickedness of the men in them ?

Then as the sword of the Lord has two edges, if it does not now and then deal back a blow on the owner, because "he hath oppressed the hireling in his wages ?"

## Inland Disasters of 1855.

STATISTICS OF THE YEAR.—The number of steamboat accidents during the year 1855, has been 27, by which 176 persons were killed and 107 wounded. In 1854, the number of accidents was 48, with 587 killed and 225 wounded. The great diminution of disaster for the present year is, doubtless, owing to the steamboat law, which requires a rigid investigation of the condition of steamboats before a certificate is granted. The number of railroad accidents during the year was 142, by which 116 persons were killed and 539 were wounded. In 1854 the number of railroad accidents was 193, by which 186 persons were killed and 589 wounded. This shows that disaster was less frequent on railroads, and that travelling by that means of conveyance was more secure in 1855 than in 1854. The losses by fires in the United States during 1855, are estimated at twenty millions of dollars, probably an exaggerated estimate.

### "Thy Way is on the Sea."

He plants his foot upon the sea  
And rides upon the storm.

Blessed be God! He makes the wrath of man to praise him, by overruling it to his own glory, and the remainder of wrath he restrains. This thought of God's forbearance, his unwillingness to inflict punishment is often one of the first that bursts upon the mind of a poor sinner when the Holy Spirit has done its work of conviction, opening up to his astonished vision the evils of sin, the necessity of righteousness, and the certainty and terror of the "Judgment to come." The result of this view of the Divine mercy is generally a broken heart and a bended knee at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ.

One poor sinner is drawn to the base of Sion, and terrified by its crashing thunders, and blinded for the time with the lightnings of his wrath. Another is drawn to the verge of despair, and made to look from the overhanging precipice of fear into the depths below. Another is held by the strong hand of justice over the pit of

woe, and is thrilled with anguish of spirit while he listens to the agonizing shrieks that come up from the region of the second death. Some are called in the whirlwind or hurricane, and some by the still small voice. Some by the force of early impressions, and some by the inward teaching of the soul as it reflects on its origin and its destiny. One by the influence of a tract, and another by the preached word, and yet others by the exceeding great wickedness of the wicked—by the Godly walk of the righteous—by a parent's solicitude—by afflictions, bereavements, or sudden calamities. But all to the honor of God, and by the unbounded goodness of Almighty grace.

Such a wonderful manifestation of "God's way in the sea, and his path in great waters, and that his footsteps are not known," has come to my own knowledge that I cannot refrain from making a permanent record of it, that it may become one of the facts by which God speaks "to them that are afar off upon the sea."

A few days since a young man, about 25 years of age, came into my office and stood for a moment with his hat in his hand, very respectfully. I arose, took him kindly by the hand, and requested him to be seated; then drawing my chair near his I required his business with me. From his countenance I was induced to think that the Spirit of God had been operating on his heart, and therefore began to speak of the love of Christ to poor sinners. He soon relieved me of all uncertainty by—sailor like—coming to the point at once.

He said, "I heard your sermon on the opening of the new year, sir, and as I had decided to live for God I felt that I ought to be doing more for Christ. Indeed, to tell you the truth, sir, I feel that I can never do enough for him who has done so much for me, but I have come to you to ask you to advise me how I can best advance the interests of the Saviour's kingdom." I inquired what his position was, what his facilities for doing good were, &c. He stated that he was chief mate of a full rigged brig—



that his facilities were many and great.

I then asked the reason he had to give for the hope that was in him, and he stated, in a husky, tremulous voice, which betrayed his emotion, that he had left home at an early age to follow the sea; that, like most young men, he became reckless, wild and careless; threw off all religious restraint, and became an adept in the use of language which, alas! has been too commonly associated with a life at sea; he was accustomed to take the name of God in vain, and did it for years without restraint or control until he began to rise in his profession. Then, when he found himself walking abaft the mast, he felt that his position required him to seek a different boarding-house, and keep different company than when only a foremast hand. He made an effort, therefore, to move in better society; to accomplish this and hold his own, he thought he must drop some of his unnecessary expletives, which were in common every day use. He determined, therefore, to quit the use of the name of God, not only in company but every where, for it occurred to him that if he could abstain in the presence of men much more should he in the presence of God. He formed the purpose, therefore, *not* to quit all bad language, but to compromise with his conscience, and his interest and his God, by merely changing his words, then after instead of swearing by "God Almighty," he swore "by thunder and lightning," not in the old Teutonic "Donder and Blixem," but in hard round old Saxon "by *thunder and lightning*." This course he pursued, with an occasional qualm of conscience, until about seven months ago, when, while standing down Chesapeake Bay, near the Capes, on the way to Baltimore, to the eastward, one of those thunder squalls, so often felt off Hattreas, struck the brig and rendered it necessary to ease her of some of her canvas. The orders came from the quarter-deck—"Stand by topgallant haul-yards;" "clue up the to'gallant sails;" "stand by the topsail haul-yards, clue down the yards, man, haul out the maintopsail reef tackles."

The narrator, being second mate sprung to the reef-tackle, and having handed it out, took hold over hand. In the excitement of the occasion he had let out several times his favorite oath, "By thunder and lightning." And now, while dragging down on the reef-tackle a crashing, deafening peal of thunder broke over their heads, accompanied by a terrific flash of lightning. The men said that the noise was like that produced by the bursting of a rocket—all of them were astonished, but the second mate fell senseless to the deck, as a dead man. The men sung out, "The second mate is killed." The captain gave orders to have him brought into the cabin for the purpose of applying some restorative; but, by the time they reached the cabin door, he recovered sufficiently to know what was passing, and he heard the mate say, "Poor fellow! He is gone"—and the thought immediately occurred—"If God should take me now, what would become of my soul; Oh, I should go to hell"—the thought, which to his mind was a harrowing one, continued to grow on him until it assumed a most fearful magnitude, and lay upon him with a crushing weight. He recovered from the bodily difficulty, but he could find no remedy for the disease of his soul—his wound was, to all appearance, incurable. He had no hope, and was without God in the world; he felt himself in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity; yet no relief could be found. It appeared that he was drawing nigh the verge of despair.

At length the brig reached Boston and he made his way to the Mariners' Church to enquire for some one who could speak a word in season to him that is weary, and found Brother Kellog there ready, like another "Aquila," to expound to "*him the way of God* more perfectly," (Acts, xviii., 26.) Some three months after that he united with the Mariners' Church, Boston, of which Mr. Kellog is pastor, and is now anxiously desirous of doing all he can to advance the interests of the Word and Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ among his companions and crew on the great deep.

O, what a blessed thought is this, "God's way is on the sea!" Some seem to think that God must go *out of His way* to convert the sailor, and yet, He proclaims himself the "*confidence*" \* \* of them that are afar off upon the sea," (Psalms, 65 : 5.) Let us trust him more! Let us pray to him more! Let us invoke his blessing on the sea!

This narrative encourages us to lean upon him with a larger confidence, and to exhort these men of the sea in the beautiful language of Cowper's sweet hymn—

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break,  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for his grace,  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face."

CHARLES J. JONES.

### The Sailor's Mother.

DERBY, CON., Jan. 9th, 1856.

Rev. and Dear Sir :

It is the deep and inexpressible interest which I take in the cause of seamen that prompts me to write to one whom I believe is their true and devoted friend. The ardent desire and purpose of my heart is to impart a ray of encouragement or sympathy upon the pathway of *Sailors' Mothers*. I for one can truly appreciate their sleepless hours, their intense solicitude, their agonized and importunate petitions, offered at a throne of grace for their dear wanderers on the vast ocean, exposed to hardship, temptation, and untimely deaths. It would be truly gratifying and comforting to any wounded and heart-stricken feelings to meet a response in the *Sailors' Magazine*, from one whose son has chosen "the mountain wave" for his home, one who can appreciate my feelings on the treatment of a darling boy who found a watery grave in the ocean's depths.

With what thrilling interest do I hail your Monthly messenger, and with tears of joy and sorrow peruse its contents. When you preached in the M. E. Church in R—, which made

me a L. Member, and entitled me to it, I was forcibly reminded of my noble and self-sacrificing boy, who on that eventful Sabbath, was on his homeward-bound passage, whom I soon hoped to embrace in the arms of maternal affection. But alas! my fondest anticipations were blighted, never to be realized. Within two days of his expected return, I received the shocking intelligence that his noble and cherished form lay beneath the raging billows. Ah, this pen cannot portray the agony of that hour.—"Where," I asked, "is his undying spirit?" Omissions of duty stood in array before me. But he was the child of many prayers, one whom I had labored with, admonished and counseled. We as parents had dedicated him to the Lord in his infancy, and daily presented him to a throne of grace.—Can it be that he is lost for ever? The thought was overwhelming. In vain did friends extend their aid and sympathy, I found there was but One that could administer consolation, One that hath smitten, He alone could heal. The burthen of my prayer was "thou O Lord hast taken him to thyself from 'evils to come.' O let me have a divine revelation with an indwelling assurance." My request was granted, I could claim the precious promises. "The effectual fervent prayer availeth much, and "The promise to you and your children." My faith is unwavering. All things are possible with God. In a moment can he translate the soul from darkness to light, and adopt it for his own. Then, pray on ye Christian mothers, ye shall reap if ye faint not. Although your sons may be far from the parental roof, and your maternal care, yet your Saviour in whom you trust will ever be mindful of them and will call after them by his holy spirit, until they are constrained to give their hearts to Christ. May our prayers ascend daily that the glorious efforts extended to ameliorate the condition of seamen, may prove successful—spiritually and temporally, and may the Lord enable us to administer to their urgent wants and necessities bountifully according to our ability, is the prayer of a sincere and devoted friend of seamen.



We cheerfully publish the above. The son, alluded to by the stricken mother, lost his life in an attempt to save a passenger who had fallen overboard, which was noticed in the Magazine of Feb. 1854, under the head "The Noble Sailor's Conduct Its Results."

### Notice to Mariners.

A. D. Bache, Esq., Superintendent of the Coast survey, in a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, communicates the discovery by Lieut. Com'g. C. R. P. Rogers, U. S. N., Assistant in the Coast Survey, of a shoal south of the Cross Rips in Nantucket Sound. The following is an extract from his report relative to its position and dimensions.

"The true bearing of the shoal from Nantucket Light Boat is very nearly south, and its distance a mile and two-fifths. The least depth of water upon it is eleven feet; its length in a general north and south direction is nearly three quarters of a mile, and its breadth varies from fifty yards to a quarter of a mile, the greatest breadth being at the southern extremity.

MAIN LIGHT AT CAPE HENLOPEN,  
DELAWARE.

Notice is hereby given that the tower of the main light at Cape Henlopen, Delaware has been surmounted with an iron watch room and lantern, painted black, and furnished with a Fresnel catadioptric apparatus of the first order, fixed, illuminating 315 degrees of the horizon. The focal plane of this apparatus is now one hundred and eighty feet above the sea level, and a light has been exhibited therefrom since the 9th inst.

By order of the Light-house Board:  
GEO. G. MEADE,

*Lt. Topographical Engineers.*  
ENGINEER OFFICE, FOURTH L. H.  
DISTRICT,  
Philadelphia, Dec. 12, 1855.

CHESAPEAKE BAY.

In conformity with the Notice to Mariners issued November 9, 1855, a

light-vessel, schooner rigged, painted cream color, with the words "York Spit" painted in large black letters on each side, was placed, on the 3d instant, off the tail of York Spit, to mark that danger and guide to vessels bound into Mobjack bay and into York river, western shore of Chesapeake bay, Virginia.

She is moored in four fathoms water, hard bottom.

The following compass bearings have been taken from this vessel:

New Point light-house, N. W. by N. 1-2 N.

Back river, S. W. by S. 1-2 S.

Tewes Point, W. 1-2 N.

The illuminating apparatus of this vessel consists of eight lamps and parabolic reflectors twelve inches in diameter, arranged in a lantern around the mast at an elevation of forty feet above the level of the sea, and may be seen, under favorable circumstances, by an observer ten feet above the water at a distance of about ten nautical miles.

By order of the Light-house Board:

A. M. PENNOCK,

*Inspector, 5th Light house Dist.*  
WASHINGTON, D. C. Dec. 12, 1855.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

A red nun buoy, second class, numbered 4, has been placed on the west end of the Squash Meadow shoal.—The red spar buoy on the west end of the Squash Meadow will be removed.

The red spar buoy on the east end of Tuckernuck shoal will be removed. The red nun buoy, numbered 12, will remain.

A can buoy of the 1st class, with red and black horizontal stripes, has been placed on the east end of the Middle Ground shoal.

A nun buoy of the 1st class, with red and black horizontal stripes, has been placed on the west end of the Middle Ground shoal.

A red nun buoy of the 2d class, numbered 2 has been placed off the point of the Devil's Bridge.

The buoyage of Vineyard sound and tributaries is completed. In coming up the sound from the westward, and in entering the adjacent harbors, red buoys with even numbers must be left

on the *starboard* hand; *black buoys* with odd numbers on the *port* hand; buoys with *red and black horizontal stripes* are on *obstructions*, with channels on either side; buoys with *black and white perpendicular stripes* are in mid-channel.

By order of the Light-house Board:

C. H. B. CALDWELL,

*L. H. Inspector, 2d District.*

Boston, Nov. 30, 1855.

### Disasters.

Schr. Wave, from Snow Hill, Md., is the vessel before reported sunk at Delaware Breakwater. Her cargo and destination have not been ascertained, and all on board were taken off by a vessel bound to Indian River.

Br. barque Syria, at this port from Newcastle, reports: Nov. 31, fell in with the Br. barque James, from Quebec, for St. Ives, with loss of rudder, spars, and leaking. Captain Christopher reports having experienced very heavy weather, and the vessel becoming unmanageable, deemed it prudent to abandon her. Captain C. and crew, 12 in number, were taken off by the Syria and brought to this port.

Br. ship Siam, Chapman, from Liverpool, while lying off, Dec. 26, some 40 miles from Tybee, waiting for a pilot, struck on a shoal, at a point where her chart indicated seven fathoms of water, losing part of her keel, and on getting off was found to be leaking so badly, that her captain found it necessary to beach her in St. Chatherine's Sound.

Ship Adriatic, before reported ashore at the English Bunk, River Plate, will probably prove a total loss.

Barque A. B. Sturges, Baxter, of this port, from Jacksonville 15th Oct. for San Juan del Norte, with a cargo of lumber, night of the 27th Oct. struck on a reef close by St. Andres, about 150 miles from Punta Arenas, soon bilged, and became a total loss. The captain and crew were taken off next morning by an inward bound schr. to San Juan.

Sloop Dolphin, Corta, arrived 26th

from the reef with the crew of the ship Concordia, burned the day previous, off the Cow Keys, together with 2000 bales of cotton, bound to Liverpool. The ship was a Boston vessel.

Br. brig Maida, Brenholm, from Boston, arrived in the outer roads Montevideo, Oct. 1st and anchored. In the night a pampero came up, she dragged her anchors, and both masts were cut away to prevent her from going ashore, but without avail.

Barque Gov. Von Oxholm, from St. Croix, for Turks' Island in ballast, to load for Philadelphia, went ashore, Dec. 2d, on the Island of Bonaire, and became a total loss.

Brig Crimea, which put into Nassau 12th inst., had lost 2d officer and one man overboard in addition to Captain Robinson.

Br. schr. Vulcan, from Boston for Yarmouth, N. S., while beating up the Sound, eve of the 24th Nov., was driven on the N. W. point of Thrum Cap. Crew saved.

Br. schr. Saxe Gotha, Miller, from Prince Edwards Island for Boston, sank in St Andrew's Channel, near Canson, no date.

Brig Warren Brown, from Bluehill, Me., for Norfolk, sprung a leak 29th Nov., about 35 miles S. W. of Rock Island, during a heavy gale, and was abandoned by Captain Conner and crew with four feet of water in her.

Br. ship Phantom, after leaving Caldera Oct 19, struck against a rock at 9 o'clock the same evening, and was entirely lost by eleven o'clock.

Guayaquil, Oct. 31.—The Am. ship Charlotte, from San Francisco for Valparaiso, was wrecked on the coast of Manta (Equador) Sept. 29.

Br. schr. Lioness, of Digby, bound to Boston, went ashore in the gale of the 9th, on the beach near Gloucester, and was bilged.

Brig Matanic, from Boston, Nov. 24, for Havana, was totally lost 10th Dec. on Abaco reef.

Brig Sarah Ellen, from Portland for Philadelphia, in trying to make Newport harbor during the thick snow

storm night of the 29th Dec., struck on Brenton's reef, and immediately bilged and went to pieces.

Br. schr. *Coronet*, at this port from Turk's Island reports: Schr. *Northern Light* (of Rockland), Doyle, hence, went ashore on the 7th Dec., on Grand Key; the vessel is a total loss.

Barque *Henry Shelton*, at this port from Palermo, reports: 22d Dec. fell in with the schr. *Eagle*, hence, of and for Bermuda, dismasted; took from her nine persons; the ship *Kosuth* (of Bath), from Boston for Havana, was laying by the same time, and took on board the remainder of the *Eagle's* company; 23d, lat. 37°, lon. 71°, fell in with ship *Heber* (of New York) from New Orleans for Liverpool, with a cargo of cotton and grain, dismasted and in a sinking condition; took off the ship's company, comprising 16 persons.

Schr. *J. Vail*, at this port from Apalachicola, experienced heavy weather; lost sails, stove bulwarks and sustained other damage. 21st Dec. fell in with a boat containing the captain and crew, 16 in number, of the Br. barque *Ewretta* of London, Capt. Melbourn, from Black River, Jam., for New York, 25 days out, which they had abandoned in a sinking condition.

Br. brig *Zuluka*, Griffin, of Halifax, N. S., was fallen in with Nov. 10, waterlogged and dismasted, by brig *Sarah* at Guadeloupe, who took from the wreck Capt. Griffin and one man.—Capt. G. had been lashed to the stump of the foremast for eight days, and was in a terrible condition of suffering.

Belg. brig *Fenelon*, at this port from Newcastle, Eng., reports: 27th Dec., 27 miles N. E. of Five Mile Bank, fell in with the schr. *C. Meade*, Turner, of Fishkill, bound from Norfolk to this City, with grain, disabled with loss of all her sails, she having, in the gale of that day and the day previous, sustained so much damage that Capt. Turner deemed it prudent to abandon the vessel, which was accordingly done.

Schr. *Geo. D. Fisher*, from Philadelphia for Norfolk, was run into

night of 21st Dec. in Chesapeake Bay, by an unknown steamer, and sunk.

Schr. *Ultra*, hence for Pernambuco, with flour and provisions, went ashore at Anegada Dec. 14; total loss.

A letter from Rockland, Me., dated Dec. 8, states that the schr. *R. L. & A. Stuart* was totally lost on Manana Island, night of the 9th Dec. She was loaded with coal and lumber, and was from Baltimore, bound for Bath, Me.

Steamer *Crescent City*, hence 3d Dec. for New Orleans, via Havana, was wrecked on the 7th Dec. on one of the Bahama Reefs. The passengers, crew and baggage were saved, and taken to Nassau by the wreckers. The vessel had bilged, and it was feared she would prove a total loss.

Schr. *Hope*, from Portland for Boston, made Cape Porpoise harbor, with others, P. M. of 9th Dec. Same night in the severe blow, parted chain and went ashore on Seven Bush Island, near the lighthouse, and has since bilged.

Schr. *Almatia*, from Richmond for Boston, was fallen in with 12th Dec. with loss of foresail, boat, galley &c., and in a sinking condition, by barque *John Payson*, from New Orleans for Boston, who took off Capt. B. and crew, and carried them into New London.

Schr. *Horace Nichols*, from Philadelphia for Boston, run on to Sow and Pigs Ledge, night of the 11th Dec. The captain supposing the Chuttyhuck Light to be that of the Light Boat (which parted from her moorings the day before). Vessel and cargo of coal a total loss.

Ship *William Doan*, from Philadelphia for Bremen, was abandoned at sea 5th Dec. She was on her beam ends, and had five and a half feet of water in her hold. The crew, 15 in number, were all taken off, and arrived at Salem.

Schr. *Texana*, was wrecked 19th Dec., in crossing the bar of the river Banard, Texas.

Schr. *Wm. P. Williams*, from Philadelphia for Norwich, was sunk



at Hurl Gate, 26th Dec., and it is supposed will be a total loss.

Schr. Skipjack, from Wilmington, N. C., for New Berne, N. C., took a heavy blow from the N. W. on the 17th Dec., during which she leaked so badly as to compel the captain and crew to abandon her.

Barque Nautilus, of and for Boston, from Smyrna, was abandoned at sea Dec. 4. The captain and crew, eleven in all, were taken off by the Br. brig Woodbine, Capt. Morehouse, and landed at Rockport, Mass.; the 8th Dec.

Ship Constitution, hence at Liverpool, was burnt in the Mersey, 4th Dec. She was an A 1 vessel, of 1327 tons, built in this city in 1847.

Schr. Telegraph, from Mobile, was driven ashore near Grant's Pass 20th Dec., and immediately bilged.

Br. brig Maria Anna, Talbot, from St. Johns, N. F., for Boston, was lost, 26th Dec. near Liverpool, N. S. Vessel and cargo a total loss.

Schr. Primrose, from Newfoundland for —, was wrecked 8th Dec. supposed at Sable Island, Capt. Meyers and crew having arrived home at Halifax 18th Dec. in the Government schr. Daring.

Barque Isabella, from Smyrna for Boston, which was stranded near Cape Sparte, went to pieces during a severe gale the last of November.

The schr. ashore at New Inlet is the John Hart, Capt. Smith, bound to this port from the Bahamas. She went ashore night of 10th Dec.

Ship Buena Vista, Dunlevy, from Trapani for Savannah, ashore 1st Jan. on the South Breaker, South end St. Catherine's Island. The consignees received a letter stating that in consequence of bad weather there was no probability of her being saved.

### Deaths in the Pacific.

Drowned by the upsetting of a boat, Dalvin S. Collins, Aug. 12 1855.—He was a seaman on board the American whaling bark Gratitude, cruising in the Ochotsk Sea. This young

man, aged 22 years, belonged to Frederick City, Va. Capt Cornell making this report, speaks in the highest terms of young Collins, as temperate, moral and correct in his conduct.

August 8th, lost overboard from bark Arab, on her passage northward, William Alden, of North Bridgewater, Mass.

August 28th, in the U. S. Hospital, Lahaina, of consumption, Reuben Ramsdell, of Belchertown, Mass.

August 30th, in the same place, of Aneurism, Mr. Ebenezer Rousful, of Freetown Mass., late mate of the ship Marcia, Capt. Wing.

On board ship John Howland, Jan. 11th, 1855, Solomon E. Kollock, aged 50 years, and belonging to Newark, N. J.

Lost overboard and drowned from John Howland, May 9th, 1855, John Frances of Boston, aged 20 years.

On board John Howland, Nov. 9th, 1855, Henry Anderson, a native of Prussia, aged 27 years.

On board ship Uncas Sept. 17th, John Becutau, aged 18 years, a native of Western Islands.

On Board Siren Queen, Oct. 2nd, Wm. Prenderghast, aged 26 years.—He belonged to West Troy, N. Y.

John Smith, Boat-steerer on board ship Young Phoenix, of New Bedford, was drowned Sept. 28, by capsizing of the boat by a whale.

### Honolulu Sailor's Home Society.

The First Anniversary of this most efficient Society was held at the Bethel Church, Honolulu, S. I., on Monday evening, Nov. 26, 1855. The Treasurer reports the total amount of receipts from various sources, has been \$8,518 50, and \$7,423 04 expended, leaving \$1,095 46 surplus. Several thousand dollars are yet needed to complete the Home.

New York, February, 1856.

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**Another Little Cloud out  
of the Sea.**

The Lord is blessing us in the Bethel Church, and gathering his "elect" from the Scns of the Sea.— One has recently united with the Bethel Church, and two others, I trust, have passed from Death unto Life. Others are serious and enquiring the way. O that there were more prayers offered by God's people for a copious blessing upon seamen.

A. McGLASHAN,  
Chaplain.

*Mobile, Dec. 26, 1855.*

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**Some Sixty and some a  
Hundred Fold.**

"A sailor on board the ship *Cæsar*, before Cronstadt, writes that in his ship, where last year there were only three that professed Christ, there are now between sixty and one hundred. More than half of these, he says, 'can rejoice in the pardoning love of Christ and have the witness of the Spirit.'"

How far the instrumentality in those and similar spiritual results, among those northern seamen, is attributable to the labors of Nelson, Lindalius, Ryding, and our other

sailor missionaries, a future day will tell. Such tidings sufficiently encourage obedience to the divine injunction,—“In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand.”

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**Interest for Sailors in the  
Interior.**

We often wish that sailors could fully comprehend the interest felt for their temporal and spiritual welfare far back in the country. Could they but realize that many hearts there pray for them, and hands are there ready in every practicable way to do them good, they might be prompted to pray and care more for themselves.

In the December No. of the *Sailor's Magazine*, we called attention to some immediate wants in our *Sailor's Home*; and among other responses we received the following from a christian mother living far from the sea. On seeing the notice, she says: "I most ardently wished to respond, but I hardly knew how, as my servant was about to leave me. Yet we all united and went to work right merrily, and made up 3 quilts, 6 sheets, 6 pil-

low cases, and 2 shirts. We soon learned where there is a will there is a way. My daughter M. says you must speak a good word for her when she goes on the sea, that the sailors may take good care of her, for she likes to work for them."

To that mother we are glad to say that if she ever has occasion to put that daughter in the care of sailors at sea, her trust in them will not be disappointed.

When Mrs. Cole, a few months ago, was on board a ship going to pieces on a shoal off Cape Hatteras, a sailor's strong arm dragged her up on a piece of the wreck. "The breakers," said she, "were dashing over us terribly, and washing me off every few minutes. Two or three times I sank, expecting to rise no more, and resigned my spirit to him who gave it, but by violent struggles and the aid of the men, I gained my position once more. Three of the sailors soon found one half of the quarter deck, whole and sound. This they soon gained, and threw us a rope to come to them, saying, "Not a man of you comes on board till Mrs. Cole is safely here." My clothes had nearly all been torn and cut off, so that I felt the chill of the night air whenever the breeze sprung up, while the water was still washing over us; but they did all they could to make me comfortable, and keep me as dry as possible."

Through their noble conduct Mrs. Cole was saved; and whether we speak a good word for that daughter M. or not she may be sure the sailors will take good care of her.

### The Evangelization of Spain.

*Editors Sailor's Magazine:—*

FRIENDS & BRETHREN:—You have no doubt seen recent accounts

from Spain, regarding the progress of evangelical truth in that country, and you have no doubt been gladdened by them. In a single town in Spain there are nearly four thousand persons who have abandoned papal worship, and who assiduously study the Holy Scriptures as their only rule and Standard. In other towns there are many persons, including not a few of the clergy, who protest against the tyranny and superstitions of the Church of Rome, and declare themselves desirous of further light.

I write thus, with the hope of gladdening you still more, by suggesting the real agency which your Society has had in that work. Of course I do not mean the exclusive agency, but an agency active and effective. I look back a few years ago, when I had the pleasure of being one of your Chaplains, in a port visited by many Spaniards, and where I distributed very many tracts, pamphlets, bibles, testaments, &c., in that language, which were not only eagerly sought for at the time, but were bought, often, for the especial purpose of taking home to Old Spain, to be introduced for the first time into families to be read, pondered, and digested. They have now come to open results.

Take for example my Harbor Journal for February, 1850:—

On the 19th. "Visited a Spanish ship, whose people were so eager for tracts, that the mate was obliged to use his authority in keeping them from crowding me." These went to Old Spain afterwards.

Feb. 21. "Again did well among foreign vessels. Sold or gave away many French, German, and Spanish books."

23d. "Sold a Spanish Testament, for almost nothing it is true, on the ———, brig."

26th. "Visited chiefly Spanish ves



sels. Sold about \$4 worth—Kirwan's letters, Daubigne's Ref., &c. Some Spanish merchants bought them to sell; they could not get them at home."

N. B. Perhaps eight dollars' worth were really sold—the price taken of ten being only nominal.

27th. Sold all the Spanish books I had."

March 1. "Sold a Spanish Bible, and three Sabbath Manuals, which I found I had overlooked; could have sold more if I had them. *God seems to be paving the way for His truth among the Spaniards.*"

4th. "Sold five Spanish Testaments and a Bible."

I look back to these labors with great pleasure, especially as I now trust I am seeing the fruit. I thought then, and now think, your Society is second to no other in its evangelical utility; and in the desire of so impressing the public, I pen the above.

Yours, as ever,

T. H. NEWTON.

P. S.—I could greatly enlarge quotations similar to the above.

St. Louis, Dec. 28, 1855.

### Sailors' "Watch Night."

Why, *every* night is a sailor's "watch night." Yes, I am aware of that—when at sea. But a watch night ashore is a strange thing—especially *such* a watch night as that held in the Mariners' Church, corner of Madison and Catherine streets, on the last night of the old year.

I had some doubts myself as to our ability to detain seamen for five hours and a half at a religious meeting, but still felt anxious to give it a trial, and the result proves that it was not a misguided effort to do good.

At half past seven, the hour of commencing the meeting, a large num-

ber of seamen were present, and others continued to pour in till nearly ten o'clock. From the opening of the meeting till nine we spent in prayer and singing—on the voluntary principle—during which the time was pleasantly and faithfully occupied. A little after nine I proposed a recess of some fifteen minutes, which we spent in social conversation. At half past nine I took the stand and preached a sermon, which with singing and prayer occupied the time till eleven. Then came the season of blessedness. The best of the wine was reserved for the last of the feast. The invitation being given, men rose on every side to testify of their love to Christ. A Red shirt here and a blue shirt there, and a monkee jacket there was seen lifting itself above the rest, while its wearer—beaten by the storms of every sea—gave forth in simple, brief and earnest utterance his testimony for Christ: many regretting the short comings of the past, promised better things for the future. And thus the time passed on till a quarter past twelve.

Feeling that it was time to close an invitation was given to such as were desirous of beginning the year in the service of the Lord, and who wished the prayers of the congregation in their behalf, to manifest it by rising. *Eleven* rose at once, five of them unconverted seamen. Three of those have since given unmistakable evidence of their having passed from death unto life, and are now rejoicing in Christ Jesus. Many others are now inquiring, with breaking hearts and weeping eyes, "*What must I do to be saved?*"

We broke up at half-past twelve, after a few moments of *silent prayer*, which was certainly as solemn a season as I have experienced.

It was a solemn night—and I shall ever remember it as one of the most thrillingly interesting meetings I ever attended in my life. I value it more, however, for the promise it gives for the future than for its present effects.

I felt that that single meeting was worth a lifetime of toil and opposition for Christ's sake. Its effect on my own mind, was to make me desire and determine, with the Divine blessing, to live more devotedly to Christ and His blessed ministry among the men of the sea.

CHARLES J. JONES, Pastor  
of Mariners' Church, N. Y.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

### Letters from Polynesia.

HONOLULU, Nov. 20, 1855.

*Honolulu Sailors' Home—Fair for benefit of Home by the Ladies of Honolulu, \$1700 realized—Shipping—Bible, Book and Tract Depository—Books for Seamen, &c. &c.*

How easy to make good resolutions and then break them. Many months ago I resolved to write a monthly epistle for the Magazine, but it is really so long since I wrote, that I am quite ashamed to look over my letters received. I cannot say as I have written since the corner stone of our Sailors' Home was laid, and that ceremony, I know, took place on the 31st of July, the anniversary of the restoration of the Hawaiian flag by Admiral Thomas, in 1843. Not only has the corner stone been laid, but a noble three story building has been erected and is partially finished. I regret that the trustees could not have gone forward and completed the enterprise, making it ready, but that would have involved us in debt, and our trustees are resolved that if the enterprise finally fail, a crushing debt shall not be the cause. A beautiful reading room has, however, been completed. A "Bible,

Book and Tract Depository" has also been opened at the Home, so that our spacious edifice is by no means without its present useful purposes. If I am able to obtain a "sketch," neatly executed, I intend to forward the same for the cover of the Magazine. *Externally* the new Sailors' Home of Honolulu is one of the most imposing and handsome buildings of our growing city. It is a building of which seamen and their friends need not be ashamed. Should the plan of the Trustees be carried out, *internally* the building shall correspond with its present external appearance.

Last week, Friday evening, the Ladies of Honolulu held a fair at the Home for its benefit, and the sum of over \$1,700 was realized. Considering the "hard times" in Honolulu, this is thought to be doing very well, although some thought to have realized a larger amount. Our community has done nobly and generously for the Home. More than \$4,000 in money has been paid over by the people of Honolulu for this object. We are now free of debt!! and we intend keeping so, but ere the "Home" is fully completed we need several thousand dollars. From the people of Boston and its vicinity funds to the amount of \$1,200 have been received. But are we to get no more aid from the United States? It is rather a hard case to have the merchants of New York, New Bedford, Nantucket, New London, and other cities send out their ships to the Pacific Ocean and draw from thence their wealth, but yet not come forward and aid us to the amount of *one dollar* in erecting a Home for seamen in Honolulu. There are thousands of persons in the United States who have been made rich by the commerce of the Pacific; now, is there not "one among a thousand," that will give a thousand to the Honolulu Sailor's Home? But look at the subject in another light: who are to be the inmates of the Home we are now finishing off? The sons, it may be, of men who read the Sailors' Magazine. Yes, reader, your son may now be in Honolulu, and where is he boarding? You, perhaps, would not wish me to describe

the location, or speak of his associates. Aid will be acceptable, but still if it does not come from the United States—from the rich shipowners of ———— and ————, yet the home will go up and into operation. We received a \$100 recently for the "Home," from the poor natives of Aitutake, one of the Henry group in the South Pacific. It was forthcoming merely from reading a notice in the "Friend." Would that such contributions from the *pen* might provoke liberal donations from those who are enriched by the commerce of the Pacific.

The success of "Homes" in England and the United States, has encouraged the friends of seamen to undertake the enterprise here; but a fifteen or twenty thousand dollar enterprise is rather large for our limited community. Our people, however, have done so nobly that I can sympathise with the apostle Paul, when speaking of Tarsus, "I am a citizen of no *mean* city." I too am dwelling in such a city. Travellers and newspaper correspondents may write hard things about Honolulu, still I do maintain that our resident community is benevolent and generous. A shipmaster recently declared in a public meeting here, that if he was wrecked and destitute he would rather land in Honolulu than in any city of the United States!!!

Nov. 28. Our "Sailors' Home Society" held its 1st anniversary last Monday evening, Nov. 26th. From the Treasurer's report it appears, that the sum of \$8,518 50 has been collected for the "Home," and \$7,423 04 expended, leaving a balance on hand of \$1,095 46. It will take a much larger amount than this to finish off the establishment, but the trustees will proceed just so far as the funds in hand will allow.

Our shipping season is now about at its height. Ships are arriving and departing every day. They have been more than ordinarily successful during the past season. We have not quite so many entering our port as in former years. Nine have visited Lahaina. I never knew our town so quiet during a shipping season. Comparatively little drunkenness among

seamen.

My labors are very much the same as in former years. I am engaged in visiting ships, distributing books, and conversing with seamen.

Since the "Home" was built I have opened an office there, as it is much more convenient for seamen than for them to call at my study, as formerly. I have issued the following card to circulate among seamen:

BIBLE, BOOK AND TRACT DEPOSITORY,  
AT  
SAILORS' HOME, HONOLULU.

Bibles, Books, and Tracts, in the English, French, Portuguese, German, Swedish and Spanish languages. These books are offered for sale, at cost prices, by the Hawaiian Bible and Tract Societies, but furnished

GRATUITOUSLY TO SEAMEN.

Also Office of "The Friend," bound volumes for sale—subscriptions received.

N. B.—Seamen belonging to vessels lying "off and on" will be supplied with books and papers by calling at the Depository, or at the Chaplain's Study, in Chaplain street.

S. C. DAMON,  
Seamen's Chaplain.

To enable me to meet the demand for books among seamen I hope to obtain most liberal grants from the Am. Bible and Tract Societies; and also from any other religious societies or persons, who may forward donations.


I would embrace this opportunity to acknowledge a valuable donation of books, for distribution, from the Rev. S. A. Taylor, Slaterville, R. I.; also from some unknown individual, several hundred copies of the "Cabin Boy's Locker," and "Sailors' Companion;" also 100 Prayer Books, from the N. Y. B. and P. B. Society; such donations as these are always acceptable. In one or more instances the Messrs. Carters, and M. W. Dodd, booksellers of N. Y. City, have sent books. If I have failed to acknowledge them it was not because the books were not appreciated or appro-



priated in accordance with the donors' wishes. But I have already protracted my letter to an undue length.

Yours truly,

S. C. DAMON.

 Donations of books will be forwarded if sent to the Seamen's Rooms, in the Mission House, Boston.

S. C. D.

### Aspinwall Chaplaincy.

Dear Brother :

One week since, three seamen came to me to obtain the word of God, and on the same day another sent for a Bible. Yesterday those three came to the Chapel, neatly dressed and well behaved. I also noticed one Captain, one mate, and one or two others from the sea. They were very attentive to the word. Could I have a small boat to enable me to visit the twenty five vessels which lay in our bay, give them tracts, and invite them to the Chapel, I could obtain a respectable congregation of seamen alone, without any addition from other sources.

Last week I furnished a supply of bibles and testaments in French, to the seamen of a brig lately from Havre. The Captain had a bible, but the seamen had none. This French brig, is one of a regular line which is designed to run between Havre and this place. Not many days since, the mate of a vessel came to my room to obtain a copy of the scriptures, bringing with him a sailor who wished to obtain some tracts. He had a pious wife in the city of B. whose influence over him seemed almost unbounded. He really believed in the piety of his wife, and expressed many regrets that he could not be religious himself.

He said he read the scriptures when he had a bible, and was regular at his prayers; but he appeared sensible that he was destitute of that change of heart which would enable him to cease from sin. He acknowledged that he was sometimes guilty of using profane language when much excited,

but would afterwards retire and pray for pardon.

These applications for the bible and for religious instruction are some of the results of my personal visits on board. Twenty two American vessels have arrived at this port during the month of December, and eighteen of other flags. There have been several cases of severe illness among the seamen since my last report, but no deaths have occurred.

I have taken some pains to circulate Lieut. Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea, for some time past. I have not met with any late work so well calculated to benefit Seamen, as this book. He has clothed the facts brought to view, with an attractive and pleasing style. His method is clear and full, without unnecessary prolixity. Some have complained that his work is full of repetitions.

But if we remember that *it is designed for Seamen*, as well as the well read landsman, what some are pleased to call repetitions, is a recommendation; for this very property of the book makes it a better work for those whose opportunities for reading are limited. It is no small recommendation of the book, that it bears throughout a character decidedly religious. In bringing to our view the laws which control the mighty winds that encircle the earth, and the waves and currents of the watery world, the author has not only recognized the *Creator*, who "in wisdom hath made them all;" but he sees in all their multiform movements, the invisible hand of the Almighty, Omnipresent Executive; the motions of whose will are seen in all the operations of natural law.

When the principle here referred to shall have its proper place in the minds and in the writings of *all* philosophers, then natural philosophy will no longer be perverted to make war against christianity; for natural truth and revealed religion speak the same language.

DAVID H. WHEELER,  
*Seamen's Chaplain.*

Aspinwall, Dec. 31, 1855.

## PERU CHAPLAINCY.

This important Chaplaincy has been vacant some months, on account of the sudden death of the lamented Mr. Bill. Another Chaplain, the Rev. E. B. Cleghorn, of Washington city, has been appointed and expects to sail for Callao, and the Chincha Islands soon. He will have a good opportunity, not only to impart the gospel to seamen, but to disseminate the word of life extensively in that part of South America.

## Wrecks and loss of Life.

The predictions of sorrow in the Sea, uttered in the Dec. No. of the Sailor's Magazine, have been sadly realised, and still the tidings of wrecked vessels, of lost lives, and suffering men continue to come. The community is aware that we do for the survivors all in our power, and that *substantial sympathy* cannot better be applied. Our March list of disasters will be a sorrowful chapter. In the mean time see Marine Disasters in the Naval Journal of this number; also Inland Disasters, page 178. God save the mariner.

## SAILOR'S HOME, HONOLULU.

### Welcome.

Welcome, Mariner! Welcome from the care, the toil and the danger of ocean to the festivities of the evening, prepared for you in this thy island *Home*. If, in the far off land from which you came, you have left a wife, a mother or a sister, whose affection has gladdened your life, and whose image is blended with all your holiest recollections of it, in their name, and for their sakes, we bid you a cordial welcome, and offer our earnest wishes that the hour spent in this festal scene, may form but the beginning of a long series of bright and happy ones within these walls.

Home! How many dear forms of absent ones are made to rise before

us by the magic of that little word. You will miss, on your coming here, their glad smiles and affectionate greetings; and as the thought of the unmeasured distance which separates you rushes upon your mind, loneliness may weigh upon your heart, prompting you to turn away with a feeling that The Home is not your home. But enter, we entreat you; for we hope you will find here, at all times, many of the comforts to which, through their kind care, you have been accustomed. Enter, and by your patronage and your influence aid us to make this place what its name indicates, and what we ardently desire it should prove—a haven of rest, of security and peace.

Mariner, once more we bid you welcome! Once more offer our wishes that you may here find refuge from the perils of sea and of land. But whether you seek the rest and security it promises, or go down in ships upon the mighty deep, may the protection of Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand be yours; and against thy name, in the volume of His will, may Happiness be written.

**A GENEROUS DONATION.**—Josiah Bradlee, Esq., an old merchant of Boston, Massachusetts, has given the sum of \$10,000 to the "Sailors' Snug Harbour" of Boston, for the purpose of erecting a suitable asylum, and for the support of decrepid seamen, on condition that the further sum of \$10,000 be subscribed for the same purpose on or before the first day of February next.

## Account of Money,

From Dec. 15th to Jan. 15th, 1856.

*Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.*

George E. Somers, by Henry Somers of Birmingham, Ct (balance) am't. ack'd below.  
Rev. Hiram Eddy, by Cong'l. Soc'y., East Canaan, Ct.  
(in part)

13 61

### Donations.

|                                            |      |
|--------------------------------------------|------|
| From Mrs. H. Hallock,<br>Plainfield, Mass. | 1 00 |
| " St. James Church,<br>Newtown, N. Y.      | 8 00 |



|                            |        |
|----------------------------|--------|
| From Three Friends in Po'- |        |
| keepsie, N. Y.             | 3 00   |
| " Cong'l. Church, Bir-     |        |
| mingham, Ct. (in           |        |
| part)                      | 27 85  |
| " Mrs. B. H. Moore, Pe-    |        |
| terboro, N. H.             | 1 00   |
| " Julia Moore, Peterboro,  |        |
| N. H.                      | 1 00   |
| " Pen. Seam'n. Fr'd. So-   |        |
| ciety, Philadelphia        | 300 00 |
| " Cong'l Soc'y., Salmon    |        |
| Falls, N. H.               | 13 00  |
| " A Few Friends, Hart-     |        |
| ford, Ct. for Ship-        |        |
| Wrecked Sailors            | 1 25   |
| " A Friend for the Spirit- |        |
| ual good of Seamen         | 10 00  |
| " Cong'l. Church, Nor-     |        |
| folk, Ct. (in part)        | 34 64  |
| " Rev. H. A. Russell,      |        |
| Winstead, Ct.              | 2 00   |
| " Pres. Church, Bloom-     |        |
| field, N. J.               | 76 00  |
| " A Friend, New York,      | 3 00   |
| " Cong'l. Soc'y., Torring- |        |
| ford, Ct.                  | 8 00   |
| " Cong'l. Soc'y., Wol-     |        |
| cotville, Ct.              | 12 29  |
| " Cong'l. Soc'y., Harwin-  |        |
| ton, Ct.                   | 25 72  |
| " Mrs. M. E. Lathrop,      |        |
| Newark, N. J.              | 2 00   |
| " First Cong'l. Soc'y.,    |        |
| New London, Ct.            |        |
| (balance)                  | 82 62  |
| " Rev. H. Talcott, Port-   |        |
| land, Ct.                  | 3 00   |
| " First Cong'l. Soc'y.,    |        |
| Waterbury, Ct.             | 40 00  |
| " A Friend in New York,    |        |
| through Rev. Dr.           |        |
| De Witt                    | 2 00   |
| " Mrs. C. B. Atterbury,    |        |
| Patterson, N. J.           | 5 00   |
| " Cong'l. Church, Shar-    |        |
| on, Ct.                    | 6 00   |
| " Boston Seam'n., Fr'd.    |        |
| Soc'y., Boston.            | 600 31 |
| " George Moore, Toledo,    |        |
| Ohio.                      | 1 00   |
| " Cong'l Soc'y, Goshen,    |        |
| Mass.                      | 5 00   |
| " Broadway Tabernacle,     |        |
| New York, (in part)        | 22 00  |
| " Two Friends in New       |        |
| London, Ct. through        |        |
| Rev. T. Edwards.           | 2 00   |

|                           |            |
|---------------------------|------------|
| From Second Cong'l Soc'y. |            |
| Milford, Ct.              | 20 00      |
|                           | <hr/>      |
|                           | \$1,332 29 |

### *Sailors Home, N. Y.*

|                                      |  |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Mrs. Charles Wheelock and family,    |  |
| Rosedale, Tompkins Co. N. Y., 6      |  |
| Sheets, 6 Pillow-cases, 3 Quilts, 2  |  |
| Shirts for Shipwrecked Seamen.       |  |
| A Few Ladies in Pres. Church,        |  |
| Washingtonville, N. Y., 16 Flan-     |  |
| nel Shirts, 16 Pr. Socks             |  |
| Miss Nancy Stanton, Clinton, Ct., 1  |  |
| Comforter, 2 Sheets, 2 Pillow-cases. |  |
| Members of Young Ladies' Seminary    |  |
| Freehold, N. J., 12 Sheets, 26,      |  |
| Towels, 20 Pillow-cases.             |  |
| Mrs. Mary Balies, Brooklyn, N. Y.,   |  |
| 1 Comforter, 12 Pillow-cases, 5      |  |
| Sheets.                              |  |

### *Boston Seamens Friend Society.*

|                                  |       |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| From the General Benev't. Soc'y. |       |
| of the 3d Ch. in                 |       |
| Hadley.                          | 28 00 |
| " Cong'l. Soc. E. & W.           |       |
| Bridgewater.                     | 16 00 |
| " South Wellfleet                | 4 74  |
| " Newport, N. H., in part,       |       |
| to make Rev. H.                  |       |
| Cummings L. M.                   | 8 50  |
| " Chicago, a Friend              | 10 00 |
| " Haverhill Central Ch.          |       |
| & Soc., in part, to              |       |
| make J. Anderson                 |       |
| L. M.                            | 19 70 |
| " East Abington Cong'l.          |       |
| Soc.                             | 15 75 |
| " Manchester Seamen's            |       |
| Concert.                         | 10 06 |
| " Northampton, N. H.             |       |
| Cong'l Church.                   | 14 48 |
| " Mrs. A. E. Gray Boston         |       |
| to make herself L.               |       |
| M.                               | 20 00 |
| " Campellon Cong'l Soc.          | 41 00 |
| " Beverly Washington             |       |
| St. Ch. (adl)                    | 6 00  |
| " Amherst 1st Parish             | 48 75 |
| " Medford 2d Cong'l              |       |
| Soc.                             | 48 75 |
| " James McLeonard,               |       |
| Scotland, in full, to            |       |
| make                             |       |